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THE CITIZEN

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

Circulation this week, 3600.

Dedicated to the interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50 c a Year.

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JUNE 21, 1899.

NO. 1.

THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR and MANAGER.

Published at the office of
THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

OUR PLATFORM.

This paper aims to bring the best reading to every fireside. Reading is a great thing, but it makes a big difference what you read.

THE CITIZEN brings, first of all, the news—not every tale of crime or horror, but the important news—the news from Washington and the State capital, from our soldiers in far off islands, from our neighbors everywhere. For the young folks we have a story and a Bible lesson; for housewives, a few new ideas each week which should lighten their labors; for the farmer some valuable hints which will help him to make more from his land and cattle.

We propose to get the best ideas that can be found on all such practical and important matters and pass them round among our readers. The resources of Berea College are not for its students alone. The editor of this paper can at any time step into the largest College library in the State, and he has engaged several of the most distinguished instructors in the College to take charge of special departments in the paper. Those who are visited by THE CITIZEN will know what is going on in the world. Every week it will tell them

something worth knowing. THE CITIZEN is pledged to no one. It is every man's friend.

It is for the things which merit all—temperance, thrift, kindness, enterprise, and education. And we ask who believe in these things to subscribe for THE CITIZEN.

The subscription list of THE CITIZEN has been purchased by THE CITIZEN and we hope that the students will feel even a livelier interest in the new paper than they ever had in the old. It has at least two points of superiority. It is a weekly and it is every week in the year. THE CITIZEN never takes a vacation and it will serve as a weekly news letter when the students are away from Berea.

Personals

Tutor Matheny studies in Oberlin this summer.

Rev. H. M. Penniman is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Frost returned Saturday from trip to New England.

W. D. Smith goes to the Bible Institute, Chicago, for the summer.

Miss Kate Coddington is spending a few weeks in Jeffersonville, Ind.

Mr. R. L. Brandenburg, of Boone, is in Berea for Commencement week.

Misses Wood, Brooks, and others are here for Commencement week.

Miss Bartlett fell down stairs at dies Hall last Sunday and dislocated her right shoulder.

Rev. H. J. Derthick and wife leave for a month's visit among relatives and friends in Ohio.

Mrs. J. A. Allen, Misses Lottie E. and Lottie F. Woodford, of Winchester, are here for Commencement.

Hubert Scott, of Marysville, O., arrived Saturday to spend the summer with his uncle, Rev. M. K. Papp.

Rev. R. G. McClelland, of Fredericksburg, Ohio, is spending a few days a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne.

Ira B. Penniman has been sick for the past week. Mrs. Penniman is improving, after a long

C. W. Gould, W., arrived here Saturday from Ann Arbor, Mich. He will spend a few weeks visiting in this locality.

Miss Mary Dee Rankin, of Piqua, O., is visiting Miss Jennie Hanson, and other friends here during Commencement.

Miss Margaret Elliott leaves directly after Commencement for a visit of some weeks with relatives at Paris, Ill., and Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss M. Ella Richardson, of Park City, Utah, was married on June 14, to Mr. William Doidge. THE CITIZEN sends its congratulations and best wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Teeters are enjoying a visit from Mr. Teeters' mother, Mrs. E. E. Teeters, and her daughter, from Auburn, Ind. They spend several weeks here.

Mr. J. W. Ames left Monday for Arizona where he goes to try the effect of the climate on his health. By his departure Mr. Welch loses a very efficient clerk. It is hoped that the change of air will soon restore him.

LOCALS

Will Tatum contemplates moving to Berea, that he may educate his children.

A very fine monument was erected last week on the Ames lot in the Berea cemetery.

We learn with regret that Bro. Parsons has resigned his charge at the Baptist Church.

Nannie Martin, daughter of Mrs. Tavis, died suddenly last Saturday. Burial Sunday.

Mrs. James Anderson has been seriously ill for the past two weeks. She is now better.

Hiram Richardson is beginning to look quite like himself again after a long siege of fever.

H. C. Burton has finished a picture of the Berea Band, which is a very fine specimen of the photographic art.

John G. Fee, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, J. M. Hart, and T. G. Pasco were among the Berea visitors at Richmond last Friday.

The Students' Job Print, with The Organ, will soon occupy the first floor of Hanson Hall, thus having a good accessible location.

Will Watkins is employed in a saw-mill four miles southeast of Berea. He walks back and forth every day. Will evidently is not afraid of work.

Eatmer Hudson who left Berea last April for employment in Fontenelle, Wyoming, is enjoying his new work. He hopes to come back for school in another year.

The prodigal and his sister, James Chaney and Mrs. Baker, have returned to their father's house, where three times a day they are feasting on Edwin's early garden vegetables.

Our esteemed contemporary, The Pentagraph has again changed editors. Judge Tipton goes into the revenue service and T. C. Adams is at the editorial helm again.

Misses Rankin and Hanson and Messrs. C. L. Hanson and R. E. Padlock enjoyed a very pleasant evening at a house party with Miss Crookes, of Kingston, last Friday.

All will be interested to learn that Bro. Fee has so far recovered that he has made a short business trip to Richmond. Even a dislocated shoulder cannot stop the indefatigable Jno. G. Fee.

Prof. Marsh, Stanley Frost, O. E. Marsh, and others started for Richmond last Friday.

where they will attend the Y. M. C. A. Conference. Miss Mahree is attending the Y. W. C. A. Conference held at the same place.

In the Essay Contest in the Forestry Class, the first prize, Hough's Elements of Forestry, was awarded to James Washburn, of Bracken Co., Ky. The second prize, Bryant's Forest-Tree Culturist, was won by T. T. Simmons of Florida.

Prof. C. H. Poage, of Elliott Institute, Kirksville, Ky., is said to be an applicant for the Berea school this year. Miss Kate Coddington, who has taught the school so faithfully for several years, seems to be the logical candidate for the position of Principal.

Miss Fairchild entertained a few friends last Saturday, in honor of Miss

Rankin. Those present were: Misses Rankin, Jennie Hanson, Padlock, Mr. Gordon Green, of Middleboro', Messrs. C. F. Hanson, E. A. Chapin, and T. G. Pasco.

The Lester mill has been sold to Josiah Burdette, who contemplates putting in a saw and otherwise extending his business. Such an industry should pay well here and will be a decided advantage to the town. If such employment could be furnished, many more young men could attend school here.

COMMENCEMENT NEWS.

Exhibition of the Music Department.

Among the feasts of good things of Commencement week, the annual exhibition of the Music Department came first in order of time last Thursday night. There was a good attendance of students, but only a few citizens knew that a free concert was to be given, and so many missed a good time. The Citizens will henceforth "fill a long felt want" by giving due notice of such pleasing events.

Owing to the illness of some of the members the exhibition was largely a piano recital. Mrs. Marsh and Misses Todd, Elliott, Miller, Yocum, and Padlock rendered a large and varied program of piano-forte music in a very acceptable manner. Miss Elliott's vocal solo, "Thou'rt Like a Flower," was very effective, and Mr. Pope's cello solo was highly appreciated. Mr. Mann's concerto from Dancia won the rapt attention of all. Everyone was disappointed when a vigorous recall failed to secure an encore. Mr. Mann's work as a violinist is always earnest and intelligent.

Address before the Literary Societies.

The address before the Literary Societies was delivered last Monday evening by Hon. Wm. B. Smith, of Richmond, Ky. The introduction

was in defense of the lawyer, but his main address was along the line of Good Citizenship. The good citizen is distinguished from the worthless one by several characteristic qualities which are entirely wanting in the other. To be a good citizen he must obey the law and respect its power. This he does by upholding it at all times. He is interested in things about him, and he is just, merciful, and firm in his dealings with others. Finally, he must be willing to work. We must not be filled with the idea that any kind of honest labor is dishonorable. The speaker emphasized the fact that all good citizens contribute, by some kind of labor, to man's well-being.

Anniversary of Literary Societies.

Failure to properly advertise was the reason so few citizens attended the annual exhibition of the Literary Societies last Friday night. The Chapel was nearly filled with students, but there would not have been standing room if a newspaper had informed the general public of the literary feast that was offered.

After Miss Mary Hoopes of L. L. S. had entertained the gathering audience with a guitar solo entitled "Blue Bells of Scotland," Prof. L. V. Dodge offered the opening prayer.

Homer Martin, Pres. of Alpha Zeta, presided.

Miss Wood, Berea's deservedly popular soprano soloist then sang "As the Dawn," by Cantor, winning generous applause. The first oration was by D. F. White, of Alpha Zeta, on the subject, "Shall we Expand?" He argued that the Expansion policy was both American and Constitutional, and should be adopted (1) for the sake of our navy, (2) for our commercial interest, (3) for the Christianizing of the dwellers in the new territories. Mr. White has a clear strong voice and a good presence. The impassioned close was too highly wrought.

Miss Ida L. Brooks' recitation of "Aunt Nancy's account of a Fashionable Recital" was a good example of the most valuable type of public speaking—the conversational style.

The Maudslui Club made a decided hit with a selection called the "Bamberma March" and the audience would not be satisfied until they

played again—their second selection, "Estudiantina," being enjoyed even more than the first.

Edwin R. Embree of Phi Delta then recited with a resolute, clear voice the old favorite speech of "Walsey on Being Rejected by the King." Marion H. Frederick, of Alpha Zeta, who was next on the program with an original poem gave a stirring sonnet on Freedom. Mr. Frederick's talent is well known in Berea and Clay County. We are glad to give to our readers in this issue a poem by this young man.

After a charming piano solo by Miss Todd, Miss Maggie Jones gave a pleasing recitation of a funny poem by Paul Dunbar entitled "Deacon Jones' Grievances."

The oration by O. B. Tibbs of Phi Delta on "Monuments" won the unusual honor of a burst of applause in the midst of its delivery as the orator gave a masterly tribute to John G. Fee. Mr. Tibbs in his ability to handle an audience shows great promise of becoming an effective orator.

Berea audiences have learned to anticipate eagerly Mr. Mann's violin solos, and the solo with which he closed the evening's entertainment was no exception to his uniformly high standard of excellence. President Frost then dismissed us with the benediction and all went home praising the good work of the literary societies.

Baccalaureate Sermon to the Graduates.

A crowded house greeted the Rev. W. W. Atterbury of New York City, who preached the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class Sunday morning.

The opening services were conducted by Pres. Wm. Goodell Frost, Ph. D., Vice President Geo. T. Fairchild, LL. D., and the Rev. John G. Fee.

The text was Luke 24: 49; "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." He then said in part as follows:

"The introduction of the greater reason for staying about it at once; yet here were the disciples urged to wait.

May we stop a moment and ask if there is not here a lesson for us? Some of you young men and young women have been working here in school and college to get an education which will fit you to bear a worthy part in life. It seems a waste of time to keep at it month after month. Why not take a short cut through school or college? But the command is, 'Tarry ye in the city (tarry ye in Berea—which is your Jerusalem) until what is lacking for your preparation for your work is supplied. You will not lose by it; a right start is three-quarters of the journey. You have a day's chopping in the woods; is the time lost that it takes to sharpen your axe? Tarry ye in Berea until ye be clothed with the needed power for your work.

But we have not yet got to the kernel of the text. The disciples were not yet prepared for their work. They were attempting the moral conquest of the world. The additional resource, for this conquest was yet to be given. They must wait to be 'clothed upon with power from on high.' The greater portion of the discourse was given to this thought.

To the graduating class: My friends to whom it is my privilege to say a special word this morning, have I misjudged the spirit and aim of this College, in seeking guidance and inspiration for you from the text I have chosen? It matters not what your calling is. If you have but one talent God asks for but the faithful use of that one. Remember that though your lives and lips speak the message it is the power from on high which gives it the efficacy. All is as nothing without this.

Tarry if need be ere you go out to work until you have some humble assurance of this divine bestowal. Seek it in earnest prayer, such prayer as John Knox offered when on his knees he cried to God, 'Give me Scotland or I die.' Seek it in self-surrender, not for your own honor, but for God's glory, recognizing yourself as his instrument, and submitting yourself to his guidance. Then from time to time as you prosecute your life work you will have need of reinforcement of that power from on high.

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THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, : : KENTUCKY

TOWNSFOLK TWIN.

In a vision that falls with the falling day,
I read the lanes and the paths of yore;
And the village green where I used to play,
And the village snik, I see once more.
Ah, ye are there by those purple hars—
My townsfolk twins, of those childhood
hours!

The tall professor who taught stars—
And the little woman who tended flowers
He lived in a big house up on the hill,
A long way back from the village street;
And she in a cot with a crumpled quilt,
Set down in a tankle of meadow-sweet.

There were morning glories up to the
eaves,
There were riotous roses down to the
gate;
There were housekeeping robins among
the leaves,
That called if the four o'clocks slept too
late!

I met him at times on my schoolward
route,
And shivered a bit at his frosty bow;
That he saw me at all I am much in doubt,
Or thought me a sheep or a moody cow!
But was there a moment before the bell?
I stopped at the gate where the lillars
grew.

For a sprig of her southernwood to smell,
Or a crimson rose with a heart of dew!
Butterflies, humbireas, birds and boys,
And shy little snigs with velvet and noise,
While she heamed on us all like a dear
old aunt.

O cool, white lilies! O starry phlox!
O portulaca and larkspur blue!
O hachelor's buttons and hollyhocks—
And pansies! How well I remember you!
I've heard he discovered some mislaid
spheres,
Some stellar fugitives brought to bay;
And a comet due in a thousand years
In the latter part of the month of May!

I know she discovered a world of cheer
For sorrowing souls that her pathway
crossed;
That her heart was a garden where all the
year
Loy's green plants flourished, untouched
by frost!

You'll read his name in the text books well,
With a learned treatise on polar spots.
But, ah! the children remember it!
Fashioned and framed in forget-me-nots!
They say when I mention my native town—
"Why, that is the home of Professor J."
But I think of my friend in the frosty dawn,
Who planted roses to give away!

I remember he gave me some sage advice,
The morning I left for my home afar;
And the benefit of a apple pie,
As warm as the beams of the polar star!
But she! Ah! she broke with a tender hug
On my frantic wreathe with tears and
winks,
And left on my lap for a railway rug.

An armful of fragrant, feathery pink!
—Emma Herrick Weed, in Youth's
Companion.

A Hand-Shake With Death

By P. Beaufoy.

ANY one can tell stories of won-
der, and of deliverance
from the clutches of death. I have
heard of a man who was
carried into effect. . . . He told
them, this bomb. I obtained it at our
factory at Edinburgh, together with
the clockwork gear by which the time
of explosion can be regulated. With
this little bomb I shall blow my friend
to pieces, and it will be well now if you
bid him adieu and leave us together.
You will also do well to keep in hiding
until the present activity on the part of
our kind friends, the police, is some-
what abated.

Obedience to this man seemed inevit-
able. One by one, the whole crowd rose
and slowly left the house, each man
giving me a look of hatred as he went.
I perfectly understood. Menskoff's
design in resolving to destroy me by
means of the bomb instead of taking up
his revolver and dispatching me then
and there. The explosion would bring
the house to the ground, damage ad-
joining property, and would be in every
way the best "advertisement" that the
cause could obtain, whilst at the same
time all other informers would tremble
when they learned the horrible fate of
one of their body. Verily, a fiend's de-
vice, and worthy of him who devised it.

When the last footsteps of the re-
treating men had died away, the an-
archist leaned over the table where the
deadly apparatus was placed and slowly
adjusted it. Then turning to me, he
exclaimed, with a malignant laugh
which was as brutal as a blow:
"See here, my good friend, see here,
I have left the bomb and the clock in
such a position that you are bound to
see both, and as the hands of the clock
creep on, you will have the felicity of
knowing that each minute is carrying
you nearer to the end. And now, shall
I tell you, my friend, at what hour, nay,
at what minute, I have timed this lit-
tle phytling to explode?"

It was impossible for me to convey
my desire to know, for I could not move
my head or open my lips. However,
Menskoff appeared to consider an an-
swer superfluous, for, after a minute's
interval, he laughed again and cried:
"I have set it to explode at ten min-
utes to nine. . . . Why not before?
Simply because, good Mr. Withers, it
will add tenfold to your torture to re-
member that had ten minutes more
been given you, you would have been
rescued by your friends from Scotland
Yard. . . . Ah! I see you change color.
You appreciate the tenderness of my
little plan."

The fiend spoke the truth. The ter-
rible cruelty of his scheme burned into
my brain. It was hard, unmistakably
hard, to be done to death at all—with
many hours elapsing between myself
and possible rescue. . . . But to know
that ten minutes would mean life, and
the absence of them death. . . . Ah,
that was refinement of agony which a
man must be in my place to thoroughly
and properly appreciate!

The anarchist gave one more glance
at the apparatus to see that it was all in
order, and then turned toward the door.
I turned, however, to where I was
standing, and greeted me with a smocking

Hastily looking from man to man until
his gaze encountered mine, he pointed
at me and cried, vehemently:
"Seize that man who calls himself Ed-
ward Withers. Secure him, and gag
him at once. He is a spy—an accused
spy in the employ of the British govern-
ment."

I sprang up from my seat in order to
defend myself from the brutal arms
that closed round me, but the battle
was an unequal one. Two minutes
later, bound, gagged, and helpless, I
was pinioned to the wall, the cords be-
ing drawn so tightly round my chest
that I could scarce breathe.

The men slowly returned to their
seats, talking in excited whispers.
After a pause, Menskoff raised his hand
to proclaim silence, and said, in a deep,
ominous tone:

"Comrades, I owe you an explanation
of what has just occurred. Know then
that during my visit to Edinburgh I
have learned several things of vital im-
portance to the cause. The first is that
this man Withers is a dangerous spy,
and that his acquaintance with us has
been an official trick which in a few
minutes we shall repay heavily."

He paused, and then continued:
"The second thing I have discovered
is this: that at nine o'clock to-night
the house will be raided, and every man
of us present arrested."

A hoarse cry rose from the men, and I
could not repress a slight glance of
amazement. Menskoff understood my
expression, for he came towards me,
and striking me in the face said, wasp-
ishly:

"Ah, then, my good Mr. Withers,
you do not know, evidently, that we
also have our spies among the police
force even as you have yours among
ourselves. Our own informers are as
watchful and as clever as yours, and by
their agency has all this knowledge
come to me. What think you of it, my
friend; what think you of it, hey?"

He struck me again, very brutally.
The malignity of his glance and the
harsh set faces of the other men showed
me only too plainly that I had small
chance to expect now.

Slips of paper were handed round the
table, and each member was directed to
describe thereon what should be my
punishment. Then the slips were handed
to Menskoff, who glanced at them
with a gleam of satisfaction on his face.

"Edward Withers," he said, address-
ing me, after a pause, "the sentence
written by each member of this meet-
ing consists of one word, 'Death.' Make
ready; your time is short."

The anarchist went to the corner of
the room where he had deposited his
portmanteau. Hastily opening the
bag, he took from it a small bomb with
a clockwork apparatus attached, also a
tiny clock of common appearance.
Having deposited these on the table be-
side me, he addressed his comrades:

"My good brothers," he exclaimed,
talking in a quick, exultant tone, "now
that you have pronounced the sentence
of death it is best that you should be
carried into effect. . . . Behold,
then, this bomb. I obtained it at our
factory at Edinburgh, together with
the clockwork gear by which the time
of explosion can be regulated. With
this little bomb I shall blow my friend
to pieces, and it will be well now if you
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at the apparatus to see that it was all in
order, and then turned toward the door.
I turned, however, to where I was
standing, and greeted me with a smocking

"You are admiring my little clock, are
you not?" he asked, grinning so wide-
ly that his black gums sickened my
sight. "Well, it may interest you to
know, good Mr. Withers, that you and
I are the only two persons in the world
who shall have had any use for it. . . .
I bought it in Edinburgh only this
morning, little thinking that its career
would end so soon."

Then, tapping the timepiece gently,
he exclaimed: "Farewell, little clock.
Do thy work well and send this man to
his reward. Mr. Withers, good-night.
I wish you a pleasant journey to the
new country you are about to visit.
Adieu!"

With an ironical bow he glided from
the room, shutting and locking the
door after him. When he had retired,
I shut my eyes and tried to think.
Escape was out of the question. I
could not move—my bonds were tied so
tightly that already cramped was seiz-
ing my limbs, and to utter a cry for help
was impossible. A dozen times I
cursed my action in having instructed
the chief to send no men to the house
until nine p. m., for had they come ear-
lier I might have been well. But then,
how was I to have foreseen the horrible
events which the night was destined to
bring forth?

The clock pointed to 8:30, showing
that the whole dreadful scene through
which I had passed that evening had
consumed barely 25 minutes, though
naturally the space of time had seemed
like hours. Eight-thirty. . . . In 20
minutes more, the inexorable clock
ticking out the minutes so patiently
would have brought its minute hand
round to the fatal stroke, the bomb
would explode—and then. . . . A feel-
ing of nausea rose in my throat as the
hideous reality beat its horror into my
brain, and I strove with all my might to
shut out the black thoughts which over-
whelmed me.

For the first ten minutes the agony of
waiting was softened somewhat by the
hope that something might happen to
save me. But when the ten minutes
had passed, my soul grew sick, and a
dull feeling of resignation took hold of
my being. My time had come; my
course was run; my hour was at hand.
Let me face death like a man, for, in
spite of my profession, I retained some
of the instincts of manhood, and I re-
solved to meet the end as quietly as
though a thousand eyes watched my
exit.

Fifteen minutes to nine. . . . The
minute hand seemed to linger a long
time, and a sudden hope raced through
my mind that prechance the clock
might stop. But a second later I saw
with a pang that my fancy had de-
ceived me. For the cruel hand moved on,
and now, O Heaven, another minute
was registered!

Thirteen minutes to nine! An icy
feeling shivered through my body, my
tongue clung to the roof of my mouth,
nausea seized me with a grip that
I had never known before.

In the great agony which I felt, I
thought of the great mystery which I
felt. . . . My eyes began to swim, a red light
was in them, burning them like live
coals—a thousand deathly voices
boomed in my ear—but those men all
there rang out the tick-tick of the
clock, every second bringing me nearer
and nearer to the end.

I tried to grasp a prayer, but my lips
were parched and could not have moved
even if the gag had not held them rigid;
I tried to frame a silent supplication to
the Almighty for deliverance, but my
mind could not work coherently, and the
entrantly languished unmade. A feel-
ing of measureless despair enveloped
my soul, and then, as the minute
hand of the tiny clock glanced toward
the fatal figure, a faintness clutched
my being, a white mist was in my eyes,
and unconsciousness mercifully claimed
my senses.

When I recovered, the room was full
of policemen, and Inspector Tierskoe,
one of my best pals, was kneeling beside
me, holding some liquid to my lips. His
fat, honest face was full of sympathy
as he exclaimed, cheerily:
"Drink that, Mr. Harrington, and
don't try and talk till you feel a bit bet-
ter. There!" he added, encouragingly
as the raw brandy brought back a re-
miniscence of life to my cheeks—"you're
looking livelier already. . . . By
George! you've had the narrowest
squeak that man ever had in this busi-
ness."

"The bomb, the bomb," I asked, faintly,
"where is it? What has become of
it? Why didn't it explode?"
The inspector pointed to a bucket of
water in the corner of the room.

"The bomb is there," he answered,
quietly, "and can do no harm now. The
rascals have escaped, but luck to them.
Did they tell you at what time they had
set that little bit of machinery to ex-
plode?"

"Most certainly they did," I made an-
swer, as I slowly raised myself from
the floor; "at ten minutes to nine pre-
cisely."

"Then your escape is all the more in-
explicable," returned the inspector.
"For we did not arrive here until nine
o'clock exactly, as arranged with you."
"I am as amazed as you are," said I,
"surely the clock could not have been
wrong. It was quite new, for the man
Menskoff told me he had purchased it
only this morning in Edinburgh."

On hearing these words, Inspector
Tierskoe uttered a low whistle, and an
illuminating intelligence shone in his
face:
"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, slapping
his knee. "I see it all!"
"See what?" I shouted, mad with ex-
citement. "See what?"
"Why, the explanation of your salva-
tion. You say that clock was bought in
Edinburgh. Well, you may not know it,
but it so happens that Edinburgh time
is just 15 minutes behind the London
hour, and to that fact, Mr. Harrington,
you owe your life this evening."

And so it was.—The End.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

A STUDY OF CASES.

Startling Facts Made Plain by Notes
Collected by Missionaries Among
Chicago's Foreign Population.

These field notes were made by work-
ers in the Baptist missionary training
school, in a part of Chicago where Poles,
Russians, Bohemians and Syrians form
a large part of the population. Such
large aggregations of foreigners are
found in our most populous American
cities, and are constantly fed by fresh
arrivals from Europe. Educating these
centers is like making butter with a
stream of fresh cream flowing into the
churn, or like sweeping a floor over
which a stream of mud is crawling.

I here group the cases and make
general statements borne out by
facts.

1. Public school teachers find the at-
tention of pupils marked by an increase
of stupidity and tardiness. Investiga-
tion proves this is largely due to beer
drinking at dinner (i. e., the noon meal)
or to going to the saloon to get beer
for parents.

2. The love of beer is encouraged in
children that they may be more will-
ing to go for it.

3. Wherever beer is commonly drunk,
tobacco and the cigarette abound, and
it is difficult to discriminate in the
results of these, and impossible to sup-
press one and allow the others.

4. Drunkenness among boys under 16
years of age is so common as to startle
the most phlegmatic citizen.

5. Many, indeed most of the cases of
dwarfed and stunted growth which we
see among the very poor are directly
traceable to doses of liquor given in in-
fancy or to "mistakes" made by a
drunken physician. One pitiable case
comes to mind—that of a young man 21
years old, but as helpless as a babe
of three months. Life was not taken,
but who will acquit that drunken doc-
tor of the charge of manslaughter? This
division of responsibility is a deli-
cate question, and confronts us every-

where. Take this case: A young man
came home intoxicated; his mother
spoke reproachfully, a quick blow fol-
lowed. The next day the son "came
to himself." Who killed the mother
whose body was robbed for the grave?
Was it the son who had given himself
to the devil yesterday? Were not those
who had aided him in this transaction
partners in that murder?

6. The Saturday industrial schools
have, each week, instances of children
whose cloaks, hoods, shoes or mittens
have gone to the pawnshop, not for
bread, not for coal or rent, but for
liquor. In many, many alcohol (I can-
not say homes) more is spent each week
for beer than for bread, more each
month than for clothing.

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had struggled and prayed for years to
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to this awful getting drunk?"

The week preceding election is one of added
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a voter. The week following is one
of quarrels, arrests and suffering. Is
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and anarchy?

The mission workers from this school,
all women, have little to do with the
men on these fields, unless some father
falls sick, commits suicide or is arrest-
ed, so these notes deal only indirectly
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less poverty.

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Inaugurate a Vigorous Campaign in
New York State.—The Saloon
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Rev. Dr. J. Q. A. Henry has resigned a suc-
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its of license and law, and to create
a public spirit which will demand leg-
islation so full and complete as will
not only curb but destroy the open saloon.
In the enforcement of law it seeks, as
a rule, to work only through public
officers who are elected and paid to
perform such duties. Local leagues
are organized in every church and per-
manent organizations effected in every
community where it is possible. The
methods of the league appeal to the
generosity of business men, so that
financial aid has never been wanting
with which to conduct a vigorous and
victorious crusade. The temporary
headquarters of the league in the state
of New York will be at Poughkeepsie.
In the fall it is expected that perma-
nent headquarters will be opened in
the city of New York.—Christian at
Work.

where. Take this case: A young man
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STATE NEWS ITEMS.

THE CLAY COUNTY FEUD.

The Filpot Faction Will Take the Part of the Bakers—John Filpot Chosen Leader of the Combined Forces.

LONDON, Ky., June 15.—Things look more warlike now than ever in Clay county. Since the troops have left the feudists have the county to themselves, and will no doubt battle it out at the first move on either side.

A new faction is coming into the feud now—the Filpots. They will help out the Bakers. The Bakers are without a leader, and John Filpot, the witness who testified that he was "feeling for the Bakers," will lead their forces. The Filpots are the strongest and most feared faction in this section. They number 200 fighters. They are preparing for war.

They have had three dozen Winchester shipped into the county. The guns arrived Tuesday. Bob Baker, aged 21, cousin to Tom Baker, came to London Wednesday morning, saying he expects to live here, where his life is not in danger. He says he knows who killed Tom Baker.

I happened to be looking at the window where the shot was fired. About a minute before the shot I saw a man and know who he was. I saw him shoot and run. I'm afraid to tell now, but when we get all prepared I'll tell who he is and drop him myself.

"They tried to kill me in Manchester the first night I went there. A newspaper correspondent was talking to me and I was standing behind his chair. I heard something behind me just across the fence in the garden and saw Tom Watt, a colored man, pointing a pistol at me.

"I sat down in a window so he couldn't get at me. Daugh White was making signs to him. I got my brothers together and we went right then to Col. Williams and asked him for protection."

JUDGMENT REVERSED.

The Foreign Insurance Companies Was Their Case Before the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 16.—About 50 foreign insurance companies, recently indicted and fined heavily in the Franklin circuit court on the charge of conspiring together to fix insurance rates won in the court of appeals Thursday in a decision reversing the judgment of the court below. The decision against the companies in this county alone aggregated over \$90,000, and, in addition to this, indictments have been found against them in nearly half of the counties in the state. The opinion of the court was unanimous except Judge Guffy. The companies affected are all those under the jurisdiction of the Kentucky and Tennessee board of insurance underwriters. Insurance men say that had the judgment of the lower court been affirmed all foreign insurance companies would have withdrawn from the Kentucky field.

Powerless to Punish Law-Breakers.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 17.—The report of State Inspector Lester, who was sent by the governor to Knott county, shows that a lawless element has been overrunning the county. A band of 300 regulators have terrorized the law-abiding people. Forty of them are under indictment, but can not be convicted because the band is feared. The inspector recommends legislative action providing for the circuit judge to secure jurors from distant counties to try these cases.

The Survey Commenced.

LANCASTER, Ky., June 16.—Citizens of this county are enthusiastic over the fact that a corps of engineers began at Burgin Wednesday and will make a general survey of the proposed Southern railroad extension from Burgin to Middlesboro, touching this point.

The Lee-Taylor War.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., June 16.—The Lee-Taylor war is still raging in Harlan county. There have been no more murders but every one goes armed. The feudists keep their actions concealed and have warned newspaper men to keep away.

Accidentally Killed.

OWENSBORO, Ky., June 17.—Roscoe Nanta, son of Curtis Nanta, of this county, while playing near his home, pulled a lumber pile over upon himself and was killed.

Tobacco House Burned.

HENDERSON, Ky., June 17.—Thomas Hodge's tobacco house at Nabo, Hopkins county, burned at noon. Loss, \$45,000; insurance, \$35,000.

The Troops Leave for Harboursville.

MANCHESTER, Ky., June 15.—Col. Williams and his troops left for Harboursville, having in custody Al, Dee, Wiley and Jim Baker, who will be jailed at Harboursville. The body of Tom Baker was taken to the old family burying ground at Crane Creek for interment.

A Large Calf.

OWENSBORO, Ky., June 14.—J. W. McFarland has a calf one day old that weighs 300 pounds, is five feet eight inches in length, and two feet eight inches high, the largest ever known in this country.

BRADLEY MEANS BUSINESS.

The Governor Is Determined to Restore Peace in Clay County Regardless of Cost.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 17.—Gov. Bradley has not the power to declare martial law in the county of Clay, where a reign of terror exists as the result of the assassination of Tom Baker last Saturday, but he intends to restore order there, regardless of cost. The governor received a letter Friday afternoon from Circuit Judge Eversole denying that he had, as reported, adjourned court at Manchester because of the fear of personal violence. The judge says that court was adjourned because he realized that justice could not be meted out with affairs in such chaotic condition. He says that he will hold a special session in Clay within the next few weeks. The troops will probably be sent back then.

If order can not be restored and those under indictment tried, a special session of the legislature would be the only remedy. Under the present Kentucky law the governor can not even appoint a special judge until the regular judge has refused to sit and the circuit clerk notifies him that the members of the bar have failed to elect. In Clay county the circuit clerk is a member of the White faction, and, if Judge Eversole should decline to sit, he would practically have the selection of his successor. If an extra session were held the county of Clay would either be abolished and divided up among adjoining counties, or the governor would be given power to appoint special judges at will and special grand juries from other counties to go to a lawless county and investigate and find the indictments.

The governor Friday night declared to be false the special dispatch sent out from Lexington Thursday that he was equipping soldiers in Eastern Kentucky to go to Harlan county. The condition there is much better than it is in Clay county.

INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS.

They Are Planning to Hold a Mutual Cooperation Works at Louisville—A Barrel Famine.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 16.—Distillers who are independent of the Kentucky Distillers and Warehouse Co. are planning to build a mutual cooperation works in Louisville. The whisky barrel famine, which started shortly after the bourbon trust was formed continues. The price of barrels is so high that many distillers have limited their production. This they say is due to the fact that the combine contracted for the output of the large cooperage concerns and practically controls the barrel market in Kentucky and elsewhere.

A Mob After Him.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., June 16.—At Rock House, Letcher county, John Moore and Chris Craft engaged in a quarrel in the presence of William Maggard. Maggard took sides with Moore, when Craft pulled a pistol and shot Maggard to death. Craft escaped, but was followed by a furious mob, and if caught will probably be lynched, as excitement is high.

Coincidence Found Guilty.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 17.—In the United States court Thursday Thomas J. Rudder, of Owen county, was convicted of counterfeiting and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Rudder is said to be a member of an organized gang in Owen county.

Murder Sentence Affirmed.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 16.—The 14-year sentence of Alex. Pence, of Madison county, was affirmed Wednesday by the court of appeals. He killed James Smith, whom he thought was too intimate with his wife, who was 16 years old. Pence being 60.

Kentucky Baptists.

MR. STERLING, Ky., June 16.—The annual meeting of the General Association of Kentucky Baptists began here Thursday. The Baptist churches are entitled to a representation of 2,100 delegates.

Damage Verdict Affirmed.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 15.—The court of appeals Tuesday affirmed a judgment against the L. & N. Railroad Co., which gives \$12,000 damages to Miss Christine McEwan, of Frankfort.

W. J. Stuart Won.

RICHMOND, Ky., June 15.—W. J. Stuart of Versailles won the junior oratorical contest at Central university Tuesday night. Subject, "States and Statecraft."

Purchased a Distillery.

PARIS, June 15.—H. D. Haynes, former manager of the Paris Distilling Co., and John H. Trimble, of Paris, have purchased the Buffalo Springs distillery at Stamping Ground, Scott county.

Babe Drowned in a Tub of Water.

VERMILION, Ky., June 15.—The two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Poe Tuesday fell in a tub of water and drowned. Last March another babe of the same family died from poisoning.

REVIEW LESSON.

Head of the Study in the New Testament—International Sunday School Lesson for June 25, 1906.

[Specially Adapted from Patoulet's Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1:15.

GENERAL REVIEW.

"I knew a man who went a thousand miles and back, and supported himself at great expense, to be with Agassiz a few weeks at his summer school at Penikese. An hour with the great naturalist would have amply repaid the trouble and expense. To even see the master of any department is helpful.

"Christ is the master in the department of spiritual life. We have had six months' study with Him and of Him. Happily we do not have to go to Judea. He says: 'I will come to you and make my abode with you,' and 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,' either as to time or space.

"It is not fish we experiment on, as did Agassiz, but souls, ourselves. So there can be no more interesting study."—Bishop H. W. Warren, in S. & T. Times.

REVIEW BY CHAPTERS.

In our last quarterly review we studied the first ten chapters of John by chapters, giving a suggestive title to each. It will be well to review those titles first, and then take up the remaining chapters as given here. The first diagram contains the titles as given in the lessons we have been studying. The second leaves the spaces for such titles as the teacher and scholars may agree upon.

One needs to note not only the titles of the chapters, but the progress of the development of the mission of Christ. John does not attempt to write a biography of Christ, but brings to our view certain salient points, milestones of progress, essential features to the presentation of the work of Christ, taking for granted that we know the life of Christ as recorded in the other Gospels.

Drill on the whole book by chapters, as given in the two reviews. After the class reviews, the outline of the book may be put on the blackboard, and the proper titles called for from the school and written in their places. Then drill the school till every scholar shall have the outline of the Gospel impressed upon his memory.

CLASS REVIEW BY DRAWING SLIPS. The Sunday School Times suggests the two following methods of review:

"Natural curiosity as to what is 'coming next' may be taken advantage of in arousing and holding the interest.

"A teacher in the Woodland Presbyterian Sunday school at Philadelphia, Miss Fredrica L. Ballard, recognized this in reviewing last quarter's lesson in her class of young children. She wrote nearly 50 simple questions, each one on a slip of paper about six inches long and an inch wide. With the class gathered around her in the Sunday school house, she drew the questions one by one in their numbered order and sequence of thought. The first question drawn was answered before drawing another. The scholar who first answered the question correctly, or more correctly than others, kept the slip. So the method proceeded until all the slips were drawn, each scholar making an effort to have the largest number of slips at the end. The teacher was not obliged to answer a single question herself. She says that there was the best of feeling throughout, and that the class was never before so deeply interested in a review exercise."

A BIOGRAPHY.

Once, while I lived in the City of Destruction, which Bunyan describes, there came to me John 14:26, who troubled me greatly because he 16:8-11. At first I 11:10, because I 20:9. Then came voices saying 11:27; 12:35, 46; 17:17. Then I joined the noble band described in Acts 17:11. Here I saw a vision of 14:2 and Rev. 21, and found there not only Rev. 22:1-5, but John 14:27, and 15:11, and 15:12, and 15:13. And my soul longed for these things. Then I said: Where is the path? And a voice answered 14:6; and I said: Who shall guide me? And the voice said 16:13. Then I said: I am not fit to go there. And the voice said 3:3, and 3:5, and 15:3. And I said: What do they do there? And the voice said, 13:14, 15; 14:13; 15:12; 17:18, 21. And I said: Lord, how shall I do these things? And the voice replied 15:4, 7. Then the voice asked me 21:16 (f. c.), and I replied 20:28 and 21:16 (m. c.).

Ham's Horn Blasts.

The fairest joys bloom where the bitterest tears have fallen.

Even in private we are overheard by God.

Carmel faith leads to Carmel victory.

It does not change the truth to look at it with colored glasses.

The man cannot help being an optimist who is looking to God all the time.

It is the goodness you are looking for in others, that will fill your own life.

Instead of loving only those who love us we are to love also the unloving and the unlovable.

To help our fellow-men requires tact and contact.

Every man that will not allow God to regenerate him is becoming degenerate.

The Natty Old Gentleman.

A soldier in Manila, who was ordered to the hospital at Corregidor, was on the beach one morning when he saw a particularly natty old gentleman carrying a cane coming toward him. The stranger was curious about the hospital and about the fighting with the Filipinos. For two hours they talked and the old gentleman concluded by drawing a map on the sand of the bays and inlets about Manila and the position of the fleet. It was only after the parting that the soldier learned that he had been talking with Admiral Dewey.

AN OUTING PARADISE.

Long Island is an undiscovered country to a great number of people. Very few realize that the little line shown on the large map is one hundred and thirty-four miles long and of varying widths up to twenty-five miles. Few realize that it was the first section of the United States settled by colonists from both England and Holland, and that their towns are to-day full of picturesque houses, beautiful avenues of trees, in fact with all the inland beauties and in addition the various attractions of the seashore.

While the South Shore for a portion of its length is almost level, the North Shore is hilly and heavily wooded. Every portion of the island is well suited for man's abiding place. It has in a most marked degree the three great necessities of life and civilization, Good Air, Good Water and Good Roads. The western section (Queens and Nassau Counties) is crossed in every direction by the best of macadam roads; six hundred miles having been built within three years. The eastern end of Suffolk County has excellent roads consisting of macadam, gravel, shell and country roads running through the woods or along the shore. Fishing, hunting, bathing, yachting, cycling and golfing are all indulged in under most perfect conditions.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

Phoebe Ann Was Greatly Worried Over the Actions of the Trees and House.

She is only a little black pickaninny who lives down in Georgia. She is under a dozen years in age and until a short time ago had passed all of her life on a rural plantation. Trains and their attendant movements were utterly unknown. Indeed, what Phoebe Ann knew of anything outside of that plantation would make the beginning of a primer. She was being educated for a house servant and hence was not permitted to roam to any great extent. She was busy about the big house all day and at night retired to the shack set apart for her family.

Along in the season, for some good reason it became necessary for the family to move into the city. The little negro girl was wanted, for she had much skill in soothing the childish woes of the heir to the estates. So it was decided that she must accompany the expedition. From the time she entered the carriage to ride to the railway station Phoebe Ann was in a state of suppressed excitement. She sat beside "Miss Amy," as she called her mistress, and with staring eyes took in all that passed without comment.

When she was taken into the train her wonderment was amusing. She sat gingerly on the cushions, looked out of the window and generally seemed uncertain concerning the possibilities of the future. She was silent until the train commenced to move. Then her fear took shape. She saw the landscape passing rapidly before her and her eyes filled, her lip quivered and she sniffed audibly.

"What's the matter, Phoebe Ann?" asked her mistress.

"Oh, Miss Amy," wailed the pickaninny, "what all dem houses and trees a-goin' at?"

A seat on the floor was the only means possible to quiet the fears of the child.—Chicago Chronicle.

"An Irishman's friend." "Oh, no," answered the dyspeptic, with a jarring, sarcastic laugh. "I hurt all over and don't care whether the sun rises to-morrow or not. But I'm not seriously ill. I'm jocosely, flippantly and facetiously going through all the symptoms, but don't mean one of them."—Washington Star.

His Practice.

"Say, you knew Deacon Hardway's boy Hen, who went up to the city to study medicine, didn't you?"

"Yes, I knowed Hen well. What about him?"

"He killed himself day before yesterday." "You don't say? What was the matter? Couldn't he get no outside practice?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

It should be remembered to the everlasting credit of the men that when a woman becomes famous, no men claim that they were once engaged to her.—Aitchison Globe.

Figures may not lie, but estimates are often misleading.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 17.
LIVE STOCK.—Cattle, common 4.50 to 4.75; Select 4.75 to 5.00; Hogs—Fair to good light 6.50 to 7.25; HOGS—Coarse 4.00 to 4.50; Mixed 4.00 to 4.50; Light 4.00 to 4.50; SHEEP—Common 3.25 to 4.00; LAMBS—Spring 3.75 to 4.50; FLOUR—Winter patent 3.50 to 3.75; GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 3.25 to 3.50; No. 3 red 3.00 to 3.25; Corn—No. 2 mixed 2.75 to 3.00; Oats—No. 2 2.50 to 2.75; Rye—No. 2 2.50 to 2.75; HAY—Prime to Choice 11.00 to 12.00; PRODUCE.—Eggs—Fresh 25 to 30; Lard—Choice 10.00 to 11.00; BUTTER—Choice dairy 11.00 to 12.00; Prime to choice creamery 10.00 to 11.00; Apples—New, per 100 lbs. 4.00 to 4.50; POTATOES—New, per 100 lbs. 1.00 to 1.50.

CHICAGO.
FLOUR—Winter patent 3.50 to 3.75; GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 3.25 to 3.50; No. 3 red 3.00 to 3.25; Corn—No. 2 mixed 2.75 to 3.00; Oats—No. 2 2.50 to 2.75; Rye—No. 2 2.50 to 2.75; HAY—Prime to Choice 11.00 to 12.00; PRODUCE.—Eggs—Fresh 25 to 30; Lard—Choice 10.00 to 11.00; BUTTER—Choice dairy 11.00 to 12.00; Prime to choice creamery 10.00 to 11.00; Apples—New, per 100 lbs. 4.00 to 4.50; POTATOES—New, per 100 lbs. 1.00 to 1.50.

NEW YORK.
FLOUR—Winter patent 3.50 to 3.75; GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 3.25 to 3.50; No. 3 red 3.00 to 3.25; Corn—No. 2 mixed 2.75 to 3.00; Oats—No. 2 2.50 to 2.75; Rye—No. 2 2.50 to 2.75; HAY—Prime to Choice 11.00 to 12.00; PRODUCE.—Eggs—Fresh 25 to 30; Lard—Choice 10.00 to 11.00; BUTTER—Choice dairy 11.00 to 12.00; Prime to choice creamery 10.00 to 11.00; Apples—New, per 100 lbs. 4.00 to 4.50; POTATOES—New, per 100 lbs. 1.00 to 1.50.

LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR—Winter patent 3.50 to 3.75; GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 3.25 to 3.50; No. 3 red 3.00 to 3.25; Corn—No. 2 mixed 2.75 to 3.00; Oats—No. 2 2.50 to 2.75; Rye—No. 2 2.50 to 2.75; HAY—Prime to Choice 11.00 to 12.00; PRODUCE.—Eggs—Fresh 25 to 30; Lard—Choice 10.00 to 11.00; BUTTER—Choice dairy 11.00 to 12.00; Prime to choice creamery 10.00 to 11.00; Apples—New, per 100 lbs. 4.00 to 4.50; POTATOES—New, per 100 lbs. 1.00 to 1.50.

MISSING THE JUBILEE.

There Was One Woman Who Seemed to Be Ignorant of the Fact That Peace Had Come.

It was in the midst of the peace jubilee and the editor was the busiest individual in town, but the visitor got in on him, and, what was worse, sat down and showed other signs of remaining, none of which the editor encouraged.

"Excuse me," said the visitor of his own volition, "but can't I ask you an important question?"

"What is it?" responded the editor, without looking up from his work, which is always a sign that anybody ought to understand.

"Ain't this a peace jubilee we're having in this town?"

"It certainly is."

"And the peace jubilee is a celebration of peace, ain't it?"

"And peace means that war is off, don't it?"

"Of course it does."

"And that the olive branch is hanging low, and that everybody is falling on everybody else's neck, and that everybody is glad the war clouds have rolled by, and that good fellowship is now prevailing everywhere, and that every bosom throbs responsive to the gentle coo of the dove, and that everybody is wearing white wings, and that there won't be any more scraps, and that everybody is kissing and making up; it means that, don't it?"

"Exactly," responded the editor, pleased to discover so comprehensive a knowledge from such an unexpected quarter.

"I thought so," said the visitor, rising. "I'll go back home and tell my wife about it. When I left there an hour ago I don't believe she knew it had happened. Good-morning." And the visitor went out before the editor had time to extend his sympathy.—Washington Star.

The United States a Power for Good. A distinguished historian writes, while referring to this nation's advent as a colonizing power, that we represent the "century's political conscience," and that our influence for good over European spheres will be immense. This result was just as inevitable as in the case which follows the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great remedy which is found in every home and drug store throughout the country. It cures indigestion, constipation, overworked kidney and liver, allays nervousness, and tones up the whole system.

Overheard in a Cemetery. Boyle—I am strongly opposed to cremation. I think it is carrying things entirely too far.

Coyne—How so?

"We would then be compelled not only to earn our living but to turn our dead."—N. Y. World.

A Delightful Summer Bath. For a refreshing summer bath use soft water. Make a dozen or more cheese cloth bags. Fill them with oat meal, and finely shaved Ivory Soap, add a little powdered orris root, mix well, and tie up securely. One bag in a tub full of warm water will make a delightful, cleansing bath, and render the skin soft and smooth as velvet.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Diagnosing Her Case. He—If I were rich, darling, would you love me more than you do?

She—I might not love you any more, Henry, but I know I would look forward to our wedding day with a degree of impatience that never seems to possess me at present.—Chicago Evening News.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Powder FREE. Write for Allen's Foot-Powder, L. R. Allen, 100 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Allen's Foot-Powder. Allen's Foot-Powder is the best for all foot troubles. It cures itching, hot, swollen, callous, and all other foot troubles. It is sold everywhere. Write for free copy of "Truth," also for information about home-seekers' excursion tickets.

Address: General Passenger Office, The Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, CHICAGO.

God help me to keep from under the thumb of the man who rigidly observes the letter of the law, but who has no conception of its spirit.—Virginia Etchings.

For stockings and mittens for the children, dye the wool with Putnam's Fadesless Dyes, Scarlet, Cardinal or Turkey red. Each time you wash them makes them brighter.

If one friend's advice doesn't suit you, keep on asking your friends until one gives the kind you want.—Aitchison Globe.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

Some people demand that the world not only be patient with their foolishness, but that it applaud.—Aitchison Globe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c. Some smart men are fools for revenue only.—Chicago Daily News.

When a river has a run on its banks it floats a lot of stock.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

UNIFORMITY, RELIABILITY AND STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES.

Winchester Shells are for sale by all dealers. Insist upon having them when you buy and you will get the best.

SAPOLIO

LIKE A GOOD TEMPER, "SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE."



DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA TEETHING POWDERS

Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Makes Teething Easy. TEETHINA Relieves the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Costs Only 50 Cents. Ask Your Druggist for it.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

Copy for this Department must reach the editor on Saturday preceding date of issue.

Owsley County.

Owsley County is situated in the Southeastern part of Kentucky, among the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains.

The south fork of the Kentucky River flows through the center of the county, giving an opportunity for the transportation of timber, mineral and agricultural products, to other markets in other parts of the county. Farming, mining and logging are the chief occupations of the people.

Tobacco and stock-raising are carried on to some extent with good success, vegetables of many different sort are raised extensively in all parts of the county and stored away in cellars for winter use, there being no ready market for them, except a few which are freighted to neighboring towns, and generally traded for groceries or dry goods.

There has been in the schools of Owsley a slow but substantial improvement for several years as is proven by the interest manifested by all classes of people. This is true in a marked degree of Owsley's teachers, who are as a body, wide awake, intelligent men and women, who utilize every opportunity to better fit themselves for their work.

The people of this and Jackson County have shown their appreciation of two of these teachers by electing them as County Superintendents.

South Fork.

The results of the examination held at Booneville, May 19 and 20, have been announced and the applicants are looking for schools.

The weather is very pleasant for harvesting.

Corn crops that seemed to be so far behind are coming up to time.

Wheat crops are not so good as they were last harvest.

While Mrs. Rebecca J. McPherson was here visiting her sister, her horse died.

Mr. Mark Garrette, who brought a pretty little woman into his home last week, surprised not only his home folks, but a majority of the girls who were looking forward to the day when they would live in the little house on the hill.

Four boys will soon return from Berea, where they have been fulfilling that commandment, "get wisdom, get understanding," and then you may go to church and home with the preacher.

Quite a number of people here are planning to go to the commencement at Berea College the 21st. May they have a joyful visit, as it is the first day of college life for quite a number of them.

Conkling.

There are a few cases of malaria in this section of the country.

Wheat crops are very good this year and are ready for harvest.

The weather is very favorable for farming; with plenty of rain and sunshine.

Owsley is coming to the front with good roads as there has been one surveyed up Doe Creek, which will be completed this fall.

Rev. Mr. Ramey conducted the services at the White Oak schoolhouse Sunday. There was a good turnout of people from different localities and all seemed to have enjoyed the sermon.

Mr. T. J. Flanery started for Berea, the 19th inst. and, after attending the Commencement exercises on the 21, he will return with his two sons and daughter who have attended school there the past year.

Jackson County.

Tyner.

Dr. Robinson started last week for Madison County to visit his friends and relatives who are scattered along the border of the "Blue Grass."

A number of our people are preparing for a pleasant trip to Berea to attend the Commencement of Berea College, which promises to be an event of great interest.

Mr. Isaac H. Bowman and son have been for sometime in the lower end of the county engaged in hauling lumber over Big Hill to the Kentucky Central Railroad.

"Try, try again" is the motto of four boys who are going for the second time to the examination at McKee, others have joined them and there is quite a long list.

Mr. M. J. Anderson, a hustling sewing machine agent has lately been among us, visiting relatives, and talking machines. He is a brother of Rev. Wm. Anderson, the assessor.

Clay County.

Ogie.

Sunday-school has been progressing nicely here.

Elijah Lewis and Miss Lisenboe were married recently.

Crops are promising but farmers are behind with their work on account of the frequent rains.

Wm. Means, one of our merchants, has moved his stand down toward the mouth of Otter Creek.

The trouble at Manchester does not affect this part of the county, except in the way of causing excited gossip.

Ed Frederick was at Manchester serving on the grand jury. He reports that most of the important work of the grand jury was completed before the court was adjourned on account of unexpected trouble.

Wm. Swafford, our postmaster, is still selling goods at the old stand. He has a thousand-shot air-rifle, and must be intending to compete with the gatling-gun.

Ammie.

John Roark, son of Timothy Roark, fell out of a mulberry tree last Monday and broke an arm. He fell about twenty feet and was so badly hurt that he may die.

Mrs. Ella Burton of Crane Creek has been very sick all last winter and spring but is a little better now.

Mr. Frank Spurluck and Miss Sophia McCollum are to be married tomorrow.

The Clay County Feud.

The letters from London and Frankfort about the Clay Co. Feud, which are printed on the third page of this paper, need some correction and explanation, and we add here a brief account of this sad affair.

It was hoped that the Howard-Baker feud in Clay County was ended but the recent term of circuit court at Manchester reopened it. Judge Eversole petitioned Governor Bradley for a militia guard, and a hundred men under Col. Wilson together with a Gatling gun were sent to Manchester Wednesday, June 7. The next day court was convened and the trial began.

Jim, his son, who were taken to Manchester for trial, was begun. They were charged with waylaying the Howard party on Crane Creek April '98 and killing Burch Storrs and Wilson Howard and wounding "Bal" Howard.

Arguments were presented to the court on the motion for a change of venue. Saturday the motion was granted, whereupon court adjourned. Tom Baker was out on bail and left the court-house with the boy Jim to go to his tent in the court-house yard. He reached it and stood just within the flaps of the tent talking to his wife when a bullet struck him killing him instantly. The smoke issuing from a window of Sheriff "Bey" White's house across the road showed that the bullet was fired from there. Investigation revealed a Winchester barrel still warm but the man who had used it had escaped through the window. No arrests have been made up to date.

Judge Eversole has been called away by the illness of his mother but his substitute, Judge Cook, has adjourned court. The case is transferred to Barbourville. Both sides are heavily armed in large numbers and more trouble is feared.

The war in Clay county is a tragedy greatly to be deplored. No one can deprecate it more than do the majority of the people of that county. It is by no means just to charge it as a crime upon the peaceful honest, law-abiding people who happen to live in the region where these deeds are perpetrated. Let us rather join hands with them in bringing about a condition of things which will make such deeds impossible. Let the thoughts of our young people be turned to other subjects than "honor" revenge, revolvers, and passion. Let them become interested in education, industry, music, and religion.

We aim to make the news from surrounding counties a special feature of THE CITIZEN, hoping to fill this page with County correspondence. An unusual amount of College news this week has made it impossible to give as much space to this department as we would like to use, but we expect in the future to devote this page, in great measure, to neighborhood news from outside of Berea.

It is evident to all that the newsy paper is the paper which will be read, and so we want the news from every neighborhood near here.

Pearsons' New Pledge.

Everybody is interested in Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the great friend of education who is doing so much for the young people of this region. He was born in the mountains of Vermont in



1820, and became interested in Christian education through acquaintance with Mary Lyon.

When he had by great business sagacity made his fortune he selected a few colleges through which he might help young people to an education.

In the South he selected Berea which he visited in '96, and made his first pledge. "When Berea will raise \$150,000 for endowment, I will add \$50,000. I make this gift to all humanity, and especially to the loyal people of these mountains."

This money has now been raised, and when it brings in interest the College will have some sure income.

He now writes (April '99) that he is so well pleased with what Berea is doing that he will do the same thing again!

In this way Berea will be made able to carry out its great plans for helping all young people toward an education.

He is not willing to help any except those who help themselves. Again and again he says, "Every student must pay something—he must show that he values an education. It does no good to furnish a free lunch."

There will soon be a million young men and young women who will be happier and more useful because of what Dr. Pearsons has done.

Dr. Pearsons always selects for himself the colleges which he will help, and it is useless for others to apply. When the news of what he had done for Berea reached an army of college presidents, they all agreed to do the same.

No!

Jackson County Helps.

Congratulations are good, but such letters as this are better. Mr. Truett of Maulden, now in the regular army in Cuba, will be remembered by his many Jackson County friends. We copy from a letter which President Frost received from him last week:—

BATTERY "I," 2ND ARTILLERY,

HAVANA, CUBA, June 11, 1899.

Mr. Wm. G. Frost, Berea, Ky.

Dear Friend:—
Having heard of your wonderful success in securing the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in accordance with the pledge of Mr. Pearsons of Chicago, and hearing of his making another pledge of fifty thousand on the same terms, I will say that I will promise to pay to Berea the sum of one hundred dollars (\$100) on the same terms as the first pledge.

Pvt. ROBERT F. TRUETT.

Seein' Ghosts.

Folks used to tell me scary tales 'Bout seein' ghosts at night, Things that would utter awful wails 'An' go dressed up in white.

'N' when the creepin' evenin' shade Wuz deepened into black, I've listened 'till those stories made Cold chills run up my back.

Once, when I'd been a doin' wrong 'N' sinned with my might, As I wuz whistlin' right along The road for home at night,

I had to pass a holler That was haunted, so folks said, 'N' somethin' seemed to foller Everywhere that I would tread,

I saw a thing before me A lookin' strange 'n' white; An awful fear crep' o'er me 'N' I most died outright!

I wuz so weak 'n' so afraid, I could but wildly stare, 'Till my imagination made A mighty demon there!

It glared so fiercely o'er me! It looked—I know not how— Then calmly out before me Walked a neighbor's old, white cow.

When folks do wrong o' Nickie's peeps 'Round rocks, 'n' trees 'n' posts; A guilty conscience allus keeps A feller seein' ghosts.

MARION HAROLD FREDERICK.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE M. PITMAN, Teacher in Berea College.

The Spice of Life.

An old army song begins "Beans for breakfast Beans for dinner Beans for supper Beans, beans, beans."

After such a diet three times a day and three hundred and sixty five days in the year, the appetite fails.

Variety in cooking renders palatable the most common food. Did you ever stop to think that there are over twenty different ways in which potatoes may be prepared and be appetizing?

Eggs are eggs so long as they are boiled and fried, but a perfect omelet may be called an egg-dream. Dreams however are good and bad. The secret of a perfect omelet is to never use more than six for each omelet.

Separate the egg and beat briskly with a fork or wire spoon, never with an egg beater. The yolks should be beaten until foamy. Then add one tablespoonful of milk for each egg. Beat the whites until they will stand alone. Fold the whites into the yellow adding salt to taste, pour into a skillet in which a tablespoon of butter is melted but not brown. Cook until the bottom is browned, which can be ascertained by lifting the edge with a cake-turner. Turn one half of the omelet over the other half. Serve upon a hot platter at once.

Useful Hints.

1. Melted butter will not make good cake.

2. A pinch of salt added to the whites of eggs will expedite the beating.

3. Nutmegs should be grated at the blossom end first.

4. The juice of an onion can be extracted by cutting the onion across the grain and grating it. This gives a much more delicate flavor to soups and salads than the chopped onion.

5. The disagreeable odor of boiling cabbage or onions can be avoided by boiling a small quantity of vinegar in a cup.

6. Cutting warm bread or cake makes it bad. If it must be cut, heat the knife thoroughly before cutting.

7. A spoonful of vinegar added to water in which tough meat or fowls are boiled makes them tender.

8. Economy is the road to wealth.

9. Good management is better than a large income.

Here are a few health rules. They are credited to a celebrated French physician who says that by observing them a person may be perfectly strong, healthy, and beautiful, and will live to a great age. This may be an exaggeration, but they will not harm anyone who follows them.

"Don't drink tea or coffee."
"Drink pure water."
"Eat plenty of fruit."

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

When people go into partnership it is important that each should know his own work and understand his own responsibility.

It is now near the time when all over our hills and valleys work is to begin in the school-houses. Parents and teachers are partners in this business aiming to make good men and women by a process called education. Now if this work is to succeed, parents must do some definite things.

First. See that the schools begin earlier in the season. Beginning late in June or early in July gives a chance to have five months of school before the weather gets so bad and the waters so high that more than half of the children are forced to stay at home.

Second. See that your children are there on time the first day and every day of the term. Let nothing but serious sickness keep them out of school while their classmates go on learning things that they must do without unless the teacher takes extra time to help them.

The teachers are seeing more clearly every year that they must have special training for their great work, that they must read new books and papers and all the while think about the best ways to teach your children.

Of course the teacher's first duty when school opens is to put each pupil into the classes where he can get the most good. The State Course of study for ungraded schools will be a great help as a guide. But one must know each child and what he can do, and that is not always seen at once.

It sometimes happens that the book in which a pupil has been reading is so hard that he cannot possibly understand the words and so cannot possibly learn as he would if the book were suited to him. If the teacher sees some better thing to do than to use that particular book for a while, be sure that he is doing it for the real good of the child and not because he wants to "put him back." A good teacher is just as anxious to have the children get on in their work as any parent can be.

It is true that teachers do not know everything, but they can do more with what they do know if parents encourage them to use their best judgment.

If teachers get acquainted with parents and they all consult and help each other, the work in each district will go on in a way very different from what we see when everybody finds fault with everybody else.

You are all aiming at the same thing and you will rejoice together in your work as you see your boys growing wiser and more manly, your girls more earnest and womanly.

Let your school begin early, watch it, visit it, encourage it, and success to you all.

THE FARM.

Edited by R. C. MANN, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Better Stock.

How much more is a good animal worth than a poor one?

Well, of course that depends. There are many kinds of animals raised on the farm, and a colt is worth more than a calf and a calf more than a pig or a lamb. But is not a first-class colt or calf worth much more than a scrub, worth more to keep and worth more to sell? There is but one answer to that question and no one will try to argue for the other side.

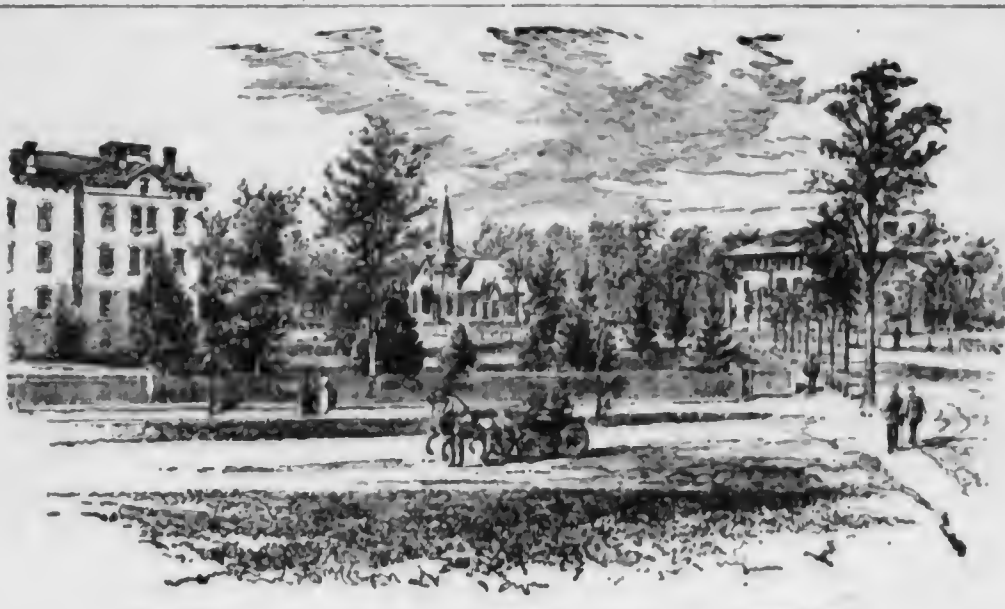
Most men, when they have a choice between a good article and a poor one at the same price will take the best; but if the price is just a little higher for the better article, though it may be worth ever so much more, how many men do we find who will pay the difference and take the best? Too many will take that which seems the cheapest at the time, though in the long run it is sure to prove the dearest.

Now how does this apply to the farmer who has a calf to raise? The milk that the calf will take, the grass he eats, the fodder and corn it takes to winter him will be about the same for the poor, scrub calf as for the high grade. About the only difference will be in the cost of a sire of good build and first rate breeding. "The male is half the herd," is an old and well proved saying among stock breeders, and when expanded a little it means about this; starting with the common stock of cows in any neighborhood, the purchase of a good bull of any standard breed means a crop of half-blood calves for this added expense. Now wait till a trader comes in who is buying up a bunch of steers to drive down into the Blue Grass to feed, and see how much better a price he will pay for those half-breed steers than for the scrubs he finds in the next valley. More than that, if the good beginning is followed up, the half-blood heifers of that crop will soon take the places of the old cows and then a generation of three-quarter bred calves is the result, and now you have something worth looking at.

The farmer with that grade of stock for sale never has to hunt the market. The buyers have such stock looked up and bargained for before it is ready to move, while the owner of the poor stock is hunting a buyer to take his animals at his own price.

What is true of horses is true of cattle. I know of a county in a western state where a few years ago the horses were nearly all small in size and often of poor quality. A few wide awake men saw that there must be a great demand for heavy draft horses for the city markets and began to import Percheron and Clydesdale stallions. As soon as it became known that handsome young draft horses were being raised in that county, buyers flocked in and took them out by car-loads and thousands of dollars of wealth were added to the farmers' bank accounts.

(Continued next week.)



LADIES' HALL CHAPEL LINCOLN HALL

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FALL TERM OPENS SEP. 13.—WINTER TERM DEC. 13, 1899